



VOL. XI.

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No. 9

A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear Lord of the out-of-doors, of the quiet chapel, of the thronged Basilica, and of the majestic Cathedral, a wonder troubles me. Why, I wonder, are You frequently so close to me in the woods and hills; and so far away from me, usually, when I kneel before Your altar, or Our Lady's?

Sometimes You speak clearly to me in the poplar groves, or in some clump of pine or hemlock. Clearly and almost aloud. Sometimes we have long conversations as I prowl through the brambles and the ferns, on the lookout for Your red-topped mushrooms. Then I come home elated, and enriched with the ideas You slipped into my mind—the way a rich (and unstung) uncle might put pennies in his nephew's pocket.

A Red and Gold World

Sometimes I see where You have walked. It is so easy to follow Your trails, Lord, for they are blazed with beauty. A bright red strawberry plant, for instance, shows me where You paused for a fraction of a second. Lord, if You made three-winged butterflies—You don't, do You?—would they be as beautiful and as vivid? Here is a trio of leaves not only red but gold and green as well. God, how exquisitely You paint!

Here is a fallen poplar leaf Your beautiful hands have dropped for my delight. Here is a mullein stalk You have shaped. It is a long straight sword standing upright in a light green leafy scabbard, and its hilt is set with uncounted yellow topazes. Here is a cluster of golden-rod—and up in the soft noon sky a half moon looks down upon it.

A pale half moon

I saw this noon
Looked down, with envy, God,
On the full gold beauty of Your golden-rod.

Here are bright new asters, and the September dust has not yet smirched nor dimmed them. Here are the red berries of the winter green, brighter than the rubies You squandered, Lord, for our redemption. There is no thrift in You, God, no littleness, no restraint. You never knew such a thing as cautious spending, or moderate giving.

His Love Everywhere

You give us more than the beauty of the strawberry leaf, and the blood-red of the winter-green berry, and the blue of the aster, and the lovely yellow of the golden-rod, and all the mixtures of colors, in the autumn maples and oaks and elms and birches. But these I see most clearly as I follow my "mushroom trap lines."

Everywhere I see Your love, Your generous, divine, illimitable love. I feel such a dolt in Your

presence, because I love You so little. Yet I also feel such a happiness that I can scarce contain myself.

Mosquitoes plague me. And black flies. And deer flies. And horse flies. And house flies. And midges. And many other pests. They swarm around me like mimic dust storms. They attack my ears and my eyes and the back of my neck. Sometime my eyes are so swollen from their bites that I can barely see. Yet I go on, despite them, impelled by the tokens of Your love that beckon me. Lord I would follow You anywhere, through thrice the thickness of these insect armies.

I know You made these pests. I do not ask You why. I do not ask You why they are so very fond of me. Sometimes, Lord, I anoint myself with this or that kind of oil or juice that is supposed to repel the winged menace. They revel in it. It makes them vicious. They increase their clamor. They increase their venom. And they have fun!

Devil Take Them!

Sometimes I manage to swat a skitter on my forearm; and then I think of a remark made by one of Your priests to the bugs that smashed themselves against the windshield of his car. "You won't do that again; you haven't got the guts."

Is it the devil that whirls these pests about me? I think it is, but I am not sure. I do not let them stop me. I follow Your holy footprints everywhere, despite the flying hell; and take home souvenirs of Your love.

I may reach my room chewed up, adrip with sweat, and more than a little tired. Yet I am at peace, uplifted, happy. I have been with You and I know it. I am filled with You; and therefore I am less filled with myself.

Why do I not feel Your presence always in the chapel?

Unholy Thoughts

I know You are in the Tabernacle, loving me as intensely as You do in the woods. I know You are in the spotless Host the priest holds aloft in the Mass, and in the chalice he offers to You. Yet there is seldom any feeling in me. And usually I am fighting another swarm of pests. Thoughts that I am sure are sent directly out of hell.

Lord the holier the moment, the more unholy are my thoughts.

These thoughts throw a mimic dust storm between us, Lord God; and I feel myself the least lovable of all who love You. I do not sweat. I am not plagued by flies, nor scratched by brambles. I am not tired out. Yet I am less at peace than I am in the church not built by hands, Your temple of the woods. I am less happy. And I am more filled with me than I want to be with You.

Still Lord, there have been those rare moments when I did come close to You before Your altar—or the altar of Our Common Mother, Mary. And O how doubly, triply, filled with bliss those moments were: how hundredfold more glorious than those joyous moments given me in Your woods!

Do you withhold them from me so that I will appreciate them when they come?

To Love As She Did

I was reading, the other day, Msgr. Ronald Knox's translation of the autobiography of St. Therese of Lisieux, Your "Little Flower." ("Tell her, please, I still wish I could write as good a book as hers, I still wish I could love You as ardently as she did, and that she is one of my favorite saints. And God, if you think it advisable, please tell Msgr. Knox I liked this last work of his much better than his translation of the Bible.")

I was struck anew with the young Carmelite's story of her First Communion—"that first kiss our Lord imprinted on my soul... A lover's kiss; I knew that I was loved, and I, in my turn, told him that I loved him, and was giving myself to him for all eternity... we had exchanged looks, he and I, insignificant though I was, and we had understood one another."

"And now it wasn't a question of looks; something had melted away, and there were no longer

two of us—Therese had simply disappeared, like a drop lost in the ocean. Jesus only was left, my Master, my King. Hadn't I begged him to take away my liberty, because I was so afraid of the use I might make of it; hadn't I longed, weak and helpless as I was, to be united once for all with that divine Strength? ... all heaven was in my heart ..."

I remember nothing about my First Communion—that first kiss You imprinted on my soul. I do not deserve to love You as the Little Flower loved You—and certainly not to be loved as You love her. Yet, like her, I wish there were no longer two of us, and that that chump who writes these letters to You—for You, and for Our Lady, and for all Your friends—would vanish, like the crumb he is, lost in a loaf of moldy bread, and let You reign in me, the absolute Monarch of my crazy heart and soul!

If You speak to Our Lady of Combermere about it, Lord, she might help to bring this blessed miracle to pass—Then to hell indeed with the devil and all his insects and temptations.

I want to love You all I can, Lord, I want to love You more and more. To do this, I need Your help, and Mary's. And I ask for it herewith.

With all the love I can muster now.
Your Eddie.

COMBERMERE DIARY

Staff Worker Sally Murphy has been transferred from Madonna House to Marian Centre in Edmonton.

One of the nice things that happened at Cana Colony this summer was the fact that it was discovered that four of the six wives in attendance at one Cana week were converts subsequent to their marriage. And so it was arranged that a Nuptial Mass be held and the Nuptial blessing bestowed and their wedding rings blessed.

We are beginning to think this is quite a "travelling apostolate." Louis Stoeckle from the Yukon and Dorothy Phillips from Edmonton have spent several weeks here. Mary Kay Rowland from Portland had an opportunity to visit Our Lady of Guadalupe shrine in Mexico City, as well as the Casa in Arizona. And at present writing, Cathy Maynard, of Arizona, is wending her way eastward to Connecticut and then onto Madonna House.

On the Feast of St. Dominic we were privileged in playing host to two Dominican Sisters from Adrian, Michigan—one of them a sister of Shirlee DeWitt.

On the Summer School Faculty were Rev. John Peché, C.P.; Fr. Eric Buermann, O.S.B.; Fr. Tomai, S.M.M.; Fr. McConnell of Montreal; Fr. Gordon, O.M.I.; Fr. Joseph Conrad of Brooklyn; Fr. Clayton Murray, S.J.; and Fr. Cassidy of New York City.

We are going back to school, too, in September for our "short course" which will run until the first of December. But our consolation is—no examinations!



JOURNEY INWARD

By
Catherine De Hueck Doherty

My mother was a born story teller. Some day perhaps I shall recollect and collect all the stories she told me, but today I remember very vividly and specially one. I must have been somewhere between seven and eight years old. Clearly too, I remember that the day was overcast, with big dark clouds piling one on top of the other. I watched them climb, my chin cupped in my hand, sitting on the steps of our wide porch veranda. I knew a storm was coming. The air was so still and humbly hot. There was a strange silence all around about me. Birds stopped singing, and leaves rustling. I began to be afraid.

Watching God

Just as the first gust of wind shook the garden, Mother descended the steps. She said: "Come on Catherine, let us go swimming; I love swimming in a storm. Do you know what the storm is to the trees? It is the novitiate the Lord God puts them through. Let us go and see God doing it."

The idea enthralled and intrigued me. I forgot my fears, and they rushed to change. When we were both ready ... the storm had broken with violence ... Mother raced to the near-by river. She paused at the edge to make the sign of the cross and went in. I followed and we both swam around in the pelting rain.

The trees on the banks of the river were bent double by wind and rain. Mother pointed this out to me. "See how God teaches humility to the tall proud trees. He bends them low under His breath. He speaks to them in thunder and illustrates His lesson by lightning. They understand well! See how they bend low!"

That was my first introduction to connecting nature with God.

Many other stories followed this introduction. They return to me, even now ... like beads of a beautiful rosary that, having been slipped through one's fingers once, return again to them ... again and again!

And ever since ... I understood that, to all of us, Nature is part of the Novitiate of God ... the one we can learn so much from ... if only we listen to His voice in the storm of days ... and the lightning of grace ... and the voice of the wind of the Holy Ghost!

Singing to God

I saw
A birch
Naked
And white
Etched
Full, against
The sky—
And knew
My Lord
Sent me His
Love ...

(Continued on Page Four)

WORLD MUST SEE THE HUMANITY OF CHRIST

(Sometimes a letter from a friend is more than a letter. It can also be an insight into world conditions, a sermon, a warning, and a benediction. Such a letter came to us recently from Romeo Maione and his wife, Betty. Rome—as we call him—is the International President of the Young Christian Workers. His wife, the former Betty Welling was long associated, as a lay missionary, with both Friendship House, New York, and Madonna House, Combermere. May this September be good to her and hers! They now have headquarters in Brussels; and are frequent visitors at the Vatican. The letter follows, in part.)

By Romeo Maione

"The past two months or so have been rather hectic—we had to set up house, working into my new position and also the launching of our Manifesto. Betty, the baby, and I were in Brussels just three days when I left for Rome to launch the Manifesto there. I spent Palm Sunday morning in St. Peter's. Our trip was liturgically apt, for in some way it was a triumphal march by the Y.C.W.

Pope Looks Well

"The Rome meeting has opened very many doors. We were received by Cardinals Tisserant and Ottaviani, by Msgr. Sigismundi of Propaganda, Msgr. Dell'Acqua—and everywhere the Y.C.W. was lauded. The latter insisted very strongly that we strengthen our work in Africa. The last day of our visit ... we were received in private audience by the Holy Father. He looked in very good health and he thanked us profusely for the Rome meeting. I spoke in the North American College and the Scotch college for the first time. In the Gregorian, a professor organized five lectures in different languages for us.

"Off to Geneva to present the Manifesto to the director-generals of the ILO, WHO, and UNO. I was wonderfully surprised by the amount of good will that exists in these circles. We had a long talk with Mr. Morse of the ILO on young worker education. My impression of these international circles is that they are hungry for Christ.

"It is fantastic to see how well received we were. One, a Socialist of the French school, praised the Manifesto as an historic document in the field of the 'vulgarization of ideas.'

Faith in Humans

"It would seem that these men live the ideal of humanism, and they suffer, as they see the vast problems facing humanity. Some of them fear the loss of this faith, and welcome movements like the Y.C.W. because they see they are not alone but that a mass youth movement thinks along the same lines.

"There is a wonderful apostolate here, but we must learn to talk their language, that of human problems. Christ must be presented to them as the incarnation of God to serve and love suffering humanity. The only way to contact the ideal humanist school is through real Christian humanism.

"On the way home I dropped by Bad Godesberg (Cologne) to attend the annual conference of the Catholic International Organizations. We still have a long way to go. We are still locked in the scholastic atmosphere; we can discuss all the vast problems of the world, but we find it difficult to come to grips with the solution. Could it be that we lack the roots? Could it be that we are losing, if we have not lost, contact with the mentality of the ordinary man?

The Brussels Show

"Back in Brussels, the big event was the Exposition. It was opened with much fanfare. The whole theme of the 'do' was supposed to be the 'development of the human person.' After visiting it, I would call it the 'erasure of the human person.'

"Each country gives vent to its nationalism by showing the greatness of its technology. In Russia, of course, Sputnik holds the center of the stage—the 'beeps' come from every direction. The walls are plastered with propaganda; 'In Russia wives get a four-month maternity leave', etc. The pavilion is crammed with machinery,

from big oil derricks to mammoth shovels. It screams industrial development. They vaunt the culture of Czarist Russia as Communist culture, when all that Communism can offer the world is a culture of disintegration.

"In the U.S. pavilion—an industrial society that has arrived—one is struck by the results of industrialization. The whole pavilion architecturally speaking, is the best—reeks of comfortable living, modern kitchens, TV studios, latest hospital equipment, etc. And in place of the Russian sputnik, in the middle of the pavilion, we have a continuous fashion parade. It attracts the crowds, but one cannot but remember Sorokin's latest book, 'Sex in America.' In both these mammoth pavilions, which are dedicated to the development of the human person, there is nothing on religion!

"Could it be our fault that we have not shown the human side of Christ?

CHRIST the Workman



Beauty of God

"We must cry bravo for the Vatican pavilion. It is not afraid to talk out. It has no nationalist axe to grind. The statue of 'The Thinker' by Rodin (was he not a nationalist?) greets you, and on either side you see the vast social problems depicted in vivid photos; men and women starving, and in the middle of it a woman feeding her pet poodle! It hits home. Further on you see live birds and fishes, rare rocks and flowers, showing the beauty of God's creation.

"It is the old dialectical system. Then comes the history of the Church and her contribution to human development, and her presence in the modern world. The church is a modern gem. The chapel is a wonderful place to pray. When you leave, you can sigh a breath of relief for here you feel at home. Another wonderful pavilion is that of the Belgian Congo and the Catholic Missions. Here you have 100 African priests, brothers, nuns, and lay people showing you around; and are they proud of their achievements!

"Betty and I have some good news to announce. We are expecting another addition to the Church—sometime in September. Pray for us, and could I ask you to remember in your prayers the three Y.C.W. leaders who found their death in the recent Sabena air crash in Casablanca? They were going to the Congo to do God's work, but God willed they go directly to him. God bless you all. United in the Mass. Rome and Betty."

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WHY DO WE BEG?

For almost thirty years of my life in the Lay Apostolate, I have been asked again and again, "WHY DO YOU BEG TO MAINTAIN YOUR APOSTOLATE? AREN'T THERE LESS DIFFICULT . . . LESS HUMILIATING . . . EASIER WAYS TO FINANCE YOURSELVES?"

Perhaps there are . . . but I had only one answer. It is so simple that perhaps it is difficult to understand. It goes like this—

I beg . . . we of the apostolate beg . . . BECAUSE WE ARE IN LOVE WITH A BEGGAR WHO IS ALSO GOD.

Love does such things . . . it cannot help itself. Those of us who fall in love with God, passionately, utterly, feel impelled by faith, reason, and love . . . TO IMITATE HIM . . . TO IDENTIFY OURSELVES WITH HIM . . . TO BECOME ONE WITH HIM . . . to be poor like Him . . . depending, in our day-to-day existence, on utter trust in our Beloved and His Words . . .

In our ears these words ring constantly . . . heavenly melodies—"Behold the birds of the air . . . behold the lilies of the field . . . Go. Sell all that thou possess, take up thy cross and follow Me! . . ."

Our eyes forever seem to carry a series of beautiful images etched against our mind, our souls, our hearts. A woman, a man. A stable. A Child being born. The only other witnesses to this birth in utter poverty—a few household animals . . . A man standing against the hills of Galilee, telling His hearers, "foxes have lairs and birds have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head . . ." Another day in Palestine. Another hill. A flaming sky. The same Man . . . Now stretched out and lifted up on a bleak Cross. Crucified for love of us. Crucified naked. Utterly poor. Because He was in love with the soul of man—to prove that love and to save that soul—He died a pauper!

These are the melodies we hear constantly. These are the pictures etched on our mind. My heart breaks, almost at this "hearing" and this "seeing". But there are more reasons for becoming beggars. He wants us to depend on His Providence—to trust Him to move the hearts of men to help us.

Poverty, chastity, and obedience are our gifts to God. Through them we surrender all the wealth we have, so that we may enter into the Kingdom of Charity, His Sacred Heart, even as He entered into the tomb—naked and crucified for Love.

What is left to us to do after WE HAVE SURRENDERED OURSELVES, BUT TO BEG. We have nothing of our own. We must beg, as He has said we are the beggar, don't you think?, who makes the giver!

We live in utter trust of His Divine Providence. When we pray—"Our Father Who Art in Heaven . . . give us this day our daily bread"—we mean just that. Not the bread of tomorrow. Nor the bread of the day after, but the bread of today.

If all of us were "earning a living" we still would have to beg because it seems that the more we love, the more we deny ourselves, the more souls we find to help. The sea of the lame, the halt, the blind, the hungry, the disturbed, the sick, the homeless, mounts and mounts around about us. And there is no organization existing that could EARN ENOUGH TO FILL THOSE NEEDS. God alone can do this!

I BEG . . . WE BEG . . . BECAUSE WE ARE IN LOVE WITH A DIVINE PAUPER WHO BEGGED US TO BE BEGGARS FOR LOVE OF HIM.

Another reason—and a most excellent one—is to give other people the opportunity to acquire great merit. For graces are poured on those who pour out their money or their time or their talents in acts of charity! If nobody begged, how many would give? If nobody gave, how much sadder the world would be—and how much more the God of Charity would grieve! Remember the words of St. Paul. "God loves a cheerful giver." Maybe he loves a cheerful beggar too—for it should, and be content with what we receive.

TO OUR LADY

Moon of the night of our souls,
Silver the way—
White flame of Purity sweet,
Help us, we pray.
Lonely we walk. (Is the path
Weary and Long?)
Princess most beautiful, fair,
Teach us thy song.

Touch with thy mantle of blue
All who would be
Near—O ineffable love!—
Jesus and thee.
And when the desert of pain
'Round us does close,
Bloom with a fragrance most fair,
Mystical Rose.

—Patricia Duarte

FRIEND IN NEED

A friend, Larry Nissen, 1 Edward St., Medford, Mass., U.S.A., wants to buy old Canadian stamps for his collection. He is not a dealer, he wants it known. He especially wants plate number blocks, used or new.

EDDIES OF 1958

By Eddie Doherty

Before the 1958 Summer School of Catholic Action rode out of Madonna House—auto horns honking fond goodbyes, a solemn bell ringing, a wealth of tears falling, and a wholesale supply of farewell kisses being exchanged among the girls—and started back to shop and office and school, thirty or more young men and women bunched up at one end of our dining room and sang us a song of their own making.

We have a song we sing often, after dinner, or after supper, or on the front lawn near the river—perhaps when a bon fire has collected fifty or a hundred people around it—or in the fields where boys and girls are weeding beets, or on the hill where a group is picking berries. It goes like this:

"You don't have to be crazy, but it helps;

You don't have to be crazy, but it sure 'nuff helps . . ."

We wrote it because lots of visitors think we are crazy to live here in poverty, chastity, and obedience, trusting n God and His Mother for everything we need, working hard and constantly, wearing old clothes, and giving away everything given to us.

Sure 'Nuff Helps

You don't have to like soup, we sing. But it helps. You don't have to like noise, or work, or our life in general. But it helps.

"You just want to be a saint, And if you say you're one, you aint.

So just try'n be crazy, cuz it helps!"

The song our Summer School pupils sang was a parody on this: and a delightful commentary on everything here.

"Anybody who don't like this life is crazy.

Just listen and I'll tell you why. 'Til we came here our life was dull and hazy.

No sunshine, just clouds in the sky.

Our luck was going bad, we were feeling kind of sad

Until we found the finest friends we ever had.

Our work was not so good. Nobody understood.

But thanks to all of you—(here they shouted)

We never had it so good!

God bless you!

Anybody who don't like this life is crazy.

Crazy, just crazy, that's all."

They Helped Too

Some of those young men and women had been with us a week or two, some had stayed through the entire five week course. They had helped in the sewing room, in the kitchen, in the canning of vegetables and fruits, in the weeding of the gardens and the farms, in the picking of strawberries and raspberries and blueberries. They worked hard and earnestly. They had endured the bites of mosquitoes, black flies, deer flies, wasps, and bees. Some got sunburnt, some grew a beautiful tan, some who had never worked at anything before, even in mom's kitchen, got a few callouses to take home.

But they must have enjoyed their stay. Else why sing us so nice a song? Wonder how many of them will come back, to join our apostolate, to stay with us not two weeks, nor five, but for the rest of their lives!

Some of the pupils were middle-aged or elderly men and women. One of these didn't see how she could possibly attend the school, since she had no money to spare. She is a widow with a tiny income. She prayed to Our Lady of Combermere. Before a week ended, she had more than enough money for her needs. The "government" sent her a big cheque—acknowledging there had been a sad mistake in her tax assessments.

Pup Bites Boy, News!

A man came to us, not exactly as a Summer School pupil, but nevertheless as a bona fide student of the Catholic Faith. He came through an unusual train of circumstances. He was a tourist. He came to catch fish. He brought a pet puppy with him. The puppy bit one of the local children. The child's father was furious. He shot and killed the puppy. The tourist, asking what sort of people inhabited this beautiful paradise of fish and game was told about Madonna House. He paid us a visit.

"I was baptized a Catholic", he said. "But I haven't lived as a Catholic. Maybe you can teach me something about your religion—so I can make it mine again."

Our Chaplain, Fr. John T. Callahan, was only too glad to give the man instructions.

A Bit of Heaven

One of the most impressive and dramatic events of the school of 1958 occurred during the week

our Father Briere taught the class. That week ended with forty or fifty people on their knees on our front lawn, repeating after the priest the words of St. Louis de Montfort, as written for those consecrating themselves Slaves of Mary.

"In the presence of all the heavenly court I choose thee this day for my Mother and Mistress. I deliver and consecrate to thee, as thy slave, my body and soul, my gods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of all my good actions, past, present and future, leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me and all that belongs to me, without exception, according to thy good pleasure, for the greater glory of God, in time and in eternity. Amen."

There were several non-Catholics present at this mass consecration. One of them remarked that he had, at last, seen a "little bit of heaven" flutter down to earth.

That "little bit of heaven"—may be that is what makes us all so crazy! We ARE crazy, you know—heaven-crazy.

A Byzantine Missal

By Catherine De Hueck

I could not believe my eyes when I opened a small package and beheld the beautiful leather-bound Byzantine Missal with gold lettering and a golden outline of the eastern crucifix, with its three transverse bars, clearly defined—one for the inscription that Pilate made; one for Christ's arms to be nailed on; and one for His feet to be nailed on.

The binding of the book is perfect. It is a compact, small missal, easily carried. I opened its pages and entered a world of beauty of design—for all the illustrations, the printing, the type, are perfect all make one harmonious whole with the binding—all are of exquisite workmanship.

Finally, slowly and with deep reverence, I began to read. Here at long last was a perfect translation of the Liturgy of the Eastern Rite.

Among The Saints

The Divine Liturgy of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom greeted me in perfect English, which somehow translated also the feel of the Slavonic language. To this day I cannot explain to myself how this could possibly happen—but it's true. And I loved the fly-leaf introduction: CELEBRATION OF THE DIVINE LITURGY OF OUR FATHER AMONG THE SAINTS.

How beautiful to be once more addressed as the apostles addressed the Churches at the dawn of Christianity—for they too called us, the members of the Mystical Body—SAINTS.

Or, the prologue—which in itself is a wondrous preparation for the Mass. Listen to this—

"IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, LET US ELEVATE OUR MIND, AND LET US READ FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE LITURGY: THE MOST HOLY CONVERSATION BETWEEN GOD IN HIS MERCY AND HIS ETERNAL GLORY, AND MAN IN HIS FRAILTY AND HIS PRESENT PAIN."

If I gave way to my enthusiasm of this missal, I would be tempted to quote from it again and again, but that would be impossible, and in a manner of speaking—not right and proper!

To Know and Love

For obviously, every Catholic who wants to know, in order to love better, his Mother the Church, SHOULD OWN THIS MISSAL.

He will cherish it. It will provide endless material for meditation for his hungry soul! It will bring him closer to his brothers and sisters of the Eastern Rite. It will fill him full of hope for the Russian people who have offered these liturgical prayers to God since the inception of Christianity in their land.

It will make him understand the Russian soul better, and those of other people following the Eastern Rite. For though this missal is for the Greek—Melchite Rite, it is so closely allied with all the other Eastern Rites, as to be a guide for all of them.

It is the work of the Rev. Joseph Raya f the Patriarchal clergy of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem and of Baron Jose de Vinck. The illustrations—they are so beautiful—are adapted from classical Byzantine and Russian icons, or directly inspired by them—and are the work of Baron de Vinck, who also designed the liturgical ornaments, with the exception of the four gospel symbols which were done by Mark Severin.

To Glorify God

The beautiful printing was done by the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Desclee & Company, Tournai, Belgium. His Excellency Archbishop T. J. Toolen of Mobile, Alabama, granted the imprimatur to this missal, and Maximus IV, Patriarch of Antioch and all the East, of Alexandria, and of Jerusalem, wrote the following letter, dated January 30, 1958, from Cairo, Egypt, to Father Raya.

"Dear Son, Your, and Baron de Vinck's, 'Byzantine Missal' . . . shall, no doubt, be a success among your parishioners and other Eastern Christians in the United States. We are happy to see that God is glorified today in almost every country, through our really 'divine' liturgy. May your translation help many souls to come nearer to Our Lord Jesus Christ, to love Him thoroughly by the intercession of Our most glorious Lady the Mother of God and Blessed Virgin Mary."

Perhaps I should not mention all these details. Perhaps I should simply say that between the covers of a beautifully bound book lies such a wealth that no Catholic be he of Roman Rite or Eastern Rite, should by-pass it.

Read and Be Rich

Perhaps I should say his life will be richer spiritually—for owning such a missal, and reading it—even if there isn't an Eastern Rite Church in Communion with Rome within a thousand miles of his home.

Perhaps I should tell about the wonderful translation of the psalms, especially of psalm 19 which Baron de Vinck re-wrote on the basis of the Biblical School of Jerusalem—

Or perhaps I should simply say that the price of this spiritual gem, in beautiful black morocco leather, is \$8.00—and, in a gift binding of surpassing beauty—\$20.00—That you can get it in a variety of colors, namely, black, white, red, green, or blue.—That it would make an unusual and truly discerning gift for Christmas or any other occasion—And that it can be purchased from Baron de Vinck of 672 Franklin Pike in Allendale, N.J.

Yes, perhaps I should say only that . . . but how can I, when my heart sings a song of gratitude to God for this gift to the Church and all her children of the North American Continent?

OUR ELSIE at LOURDES

By Elsie Whitty

Lourdes, France. At Our Lady's Shrine. What impresses me most of all is not the immense beauty of the churches, basilicas, and shrines, the grandeur and ritual of the ceremonies, the lovely mosaics, or even the thousands of people flocking to the Grotto. What hits me with force is the deep yet simple devotion of the individuals who make up the vast crowd.

That to me is a living witness of the truth of the apparitions, for Lourdes is, above all and before all, a place of prayer and penance. One has to experience it, and then one can feel it in the atmosphere. No matter where one goes, people are praying. And that is what Our Lady asks the people to do.

Ave Ave Ave

From the hotel window one can hear in a low murmur of prayers from the brancardiers and nurses, as they push chairs or stretchers from the hospital to baths or Grotto, and as they accompany the ambulances to and from the station—at all hours of the day and night.

Truly the Church is at prayer during the Blessed Sacrament procession; for this is the core of all, to which all else is subservient—the Holy Eucharist.

Per Marie a Jesus! To Jesus through Mary. Mary is the means and the pathway to the End, Christ, the Glory of God. Per Marie a Jesus! These golden letters in the Rosary Basilica will forever remain uppermost in my memory. I am sure, and keep burning there.

Two minutes from my hotel I found myself at the Crowned Virgin statue. Hundreds of lovely bouquets of roses and white carnations were all around the iron railing. Our Lady's robes were falling gracefully around her, and it seemed as if she were looking straight into the Basilica where the Blessed Sacrament reposed.

Ave Maria

While, with deep emotion, I was taking this in, people from all over the world came, as simple children, to give her flowers.

The torchlight procession thrilled me. There, in the square, of

were hundreds of people with lighted candles, the flames protected by inverted paper shades on which are printed the hymn of Lourdes and the Credo, in Latin. They went four abreast, men, women, and children from all parts of the world, singing in their own languages the same melody. What a great volume of praise to the Mother of God! Joyful! Invigorating!

Up the ramp. Past the crypt. And down and across the far end of the square. And back again. Thousands of lighted candles shining like stars. No beginning. No end. Then all sing together. The Latin words of the Credo embrace one—embrace me and bring me into the midst of the believers, the lovers of God and His holy mother. A never-to-be-forgotten experience!

Ora Pro Nobis

On a wet cold morning it was my turn to work at the baths. Mass at the Grotto at 6 a.m., and Mass for the sick in the New Basilica, at 7.30, on the feast of Mount Carmel, July 16th. Breakfast was served to the sick under the trees in the square. Then a long line of spinal carriages and wheel chairs proceeded to the baths.

Young and old, rich and poor, brancardiers and nurses, and a priest here and there, saying the Rosary and the Litany for the sick. "Holy Mother of God, pray for us."

In the cubicle the sick were undressed and placed in the icy cold waters with ease and care; some of them lying on stretchers. An act of contrition was said as the patient was lowered into the miraculous healing water. I recall a continual sound of prayers, pale faces smiling with confidence, ruddy faces shining with pity, or with love, and with trust in Our Blessed Lady, and faces reflecting a determination to answer generously her plea for penance and for prayers that the world may be brought back to Christ.

Lourdes heals the soul as well as the body—the soul rather than the body, I might say.

What is Catholicism

By Jose De Vinck

If anyone wishes to find out how distorted the notion of "Catholicism" has become, let him question the man in the street, the scholar, or even the Catholic theologian, and collect as many definitions as he wishes: he will be provided with a surprisingly mixture of prejudices, vagueness, and inadequacies.

To the man in the street, Catholicism is an organized way of life, headed by the Pope of Rome, that is opposed to Communism, Judaism, and Protestantism, and spends most of its energy in putting up buildings, organizing opposition schools, and collecting money by means of drives, lotteries, and bingo. It seems to have very little to do with the important issues of life, and to be in contradiction with contemporary science, which, from the viewpoint of the Catholic man in the street, is a pity, but does not really matter. . . .

The scholar, looking at it from the outside, considers it as a strange social phenomenon that seems to defy the laws of decay of human institutions: but this is explained away by means of an extremely centralized authority, of extreme conservatism, and of complete separation from the problems of physical science; Catholicism, to the non Catholic scholar, endures because it is dead.

To the theologian, Catholicism appears as a rational structure of interrelated dogmas, resolving itself into a physically organized Church, to be administered through the systematical rulings of laws, and to be diffused through catechetical and authoritarian teaching.

All three are pitifully unconscious of the fact that Catholicism is the tremendous historical fact of the Love of God, coming, KATA OLOS, (to all men) through the Person of Christ.

Catholicism is headed by the "Pope of Rome" because the Pope is another Christ. If Catholicism is opposed to Communism, Protestantism, and Judaism, it is because it is in love with Christ whom Communism denies, protestantism distorts, and Judaism ignores. Its buildings are but the physical plant—often grossly exaggerated and over-luxurious—of an operative love for Christ. Its dogmas are nothing but the inadequate expressions in human terms of the love of God; and what is to be taught is not theology but this same living, active, omnipresent and omnipotent love that created the World, redeemed it, and let us pray, will get it out of its present mess.

OUR PEOPLE CAN TAKE A FIRE AND A QUAKE

You may have read about the many forest fires in British Columbia and the Yukon a few months ago; and about the earthquake that rattled Skagway, Alaska, until its mountains shook and shivered. There were scare heads in many newspapers. Our family in Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon, can add a few details the papers missed.

This is the way Fr. Gene Cullinane, Maryhouse chaplain, describes of the quake:

The Mountains Shimmy

"It came 15 minutes after the retreat ended, and served as an exclamation mark to the last conference. It was by far the most severe quake old timers of Skagway can remember. A radio news-cast which we heard the next day said it was the most severe picked up by the seismograph at Saskatoon in the last ten years. It said part of an island in the Gulf of Alaska had fallen into the sea, and a 20 foot tidal wave had killed 5 people.

"After finishing the retreat, about 8.45 p.m., Thursday, July 10th, I went to my room at Fr. Cowgill's. He has a beautiful Hi-Fi set. I put on Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique.) It had been playing about five minutes when the room began to shake and tremble. My first thought was that a big truck was going by. But the shaking continued and got more severe.

"Windows were rattling, timbers cracking and squeaking, everything in the room dancing, the floor weaving. The arm of the Hi-Fi machine began jumping around, scratching the record. Then I knew. I shut off the machine and went down a long hall to get outside. I'm sure I was praying to Our Lady. The whole building was in motion. . . eery, sickening. I got outside, surrounded by towering mountains . . . rising, straight up, up, up . . . to great heights.

Land or Sea?

"The ground was in motion, a weaving or heaving motion like the deck of a ship at sea. Then came from the mountains a sound—such as I have never heard before . . . an explosive cracking of the rocks and splitting of great peaks. You could follow the course of the cracks by the sound, up and down and across the mountains.

"It is impossible to describe what you feel like when terra firma is no longer firma. When the Lord permits the foundations of the earth to be shaken, a man is also shaken . . . in the very foundations of his being. Tell Eddie it was the most moving experience I have ever had."

(The mountains labored and gave birth to a pun! Eddie)

Mary Ruth also gave us a description of the quake; but she was more concerned with the retreat; the beauties of the scenery between Whitehorse and Skagway; the wonder of sitting in a field of clover; the drama of watching a 300 foot water fall "flinging its mighty splendor in a whirl of white foam down the mountain side"; the excitement of the people in Alaska over the news that the territory had become a State; the flags waving in bunches; the slogans ("Bigger than Texas! Nicer than California! God's Country, the 49th State!"); the hospitality of "the good Sisters of St. Anne"; the beauty of the Plux X Mission; and the things Fr. Gene said in his conferences.

A Towel and a Prayer

"At 9 p.m. or thereabouts", she wrote, "the power and the majesty of God revealed itself. Houses suddenly began to shake like reeds before the wind. The ground rose and fell. Huge boulders went rolling down the very mountain we had climbed. The entire range cracked like a series of rifle shots. Mike Wright was caught in the shower. He girded himself with a towel and knelt in prayer to await his end. Eddie Scott and I ran outside while the floor was getting a permanent wave. A little donkey ran about the yard. We had read a sign as we came down from the mountain. 'After this the judgment!'

Had the quake come a few hours earlier, you would have read about us in the obituary column. Our Lady took care of us, but I suggest, humbly, that Madonna House training include, hereafter, drills on how to conduct oneself in an earthquake."

The retreatants had scarcely got back home to Maryhouse and Mami Legris, the director, when they were threatened by forest fires.

Prayers for Rain

Father Gene tells the story in diary form:

July 14 — Camp Takhini is threatened by a forest fire approaching us from the north. All soldiers were summoned from their units for special duty an hour ago (10 p.m.). A strange formation of air currents fanned the smoke from this fire into a mammoth cloud which has been hang-

ing over the city and the camp, raining ashes.

July 15th—Last evening a forty mile an hour wind from the north drove the fire toward Whitehorse at an alarming speed. . . surrounding the fire fighters, burning Indian cabins north of us, and wiping out the Takhini Hot Springs resort (including four automobiles). One of our Indian boys who is employed as a fire fighter, came in this morning. He was sick from inhaling smoke. He had saved his life by jumping into the Takhini river along with others in the party. He had no sleep for two nights, and is to report back on duty after getting a change of clothes.

Mamie left her window open about an inch last night, and when she woke up this morning her bed was covered with soot and ashes. It rained burnt pine needles and other ashes through the night.

Commissioner Collins was at the site of the fire at 5 a.m. this morning and when he came back to the city he declared this an emergency area. The Alcan highway was closed to traffic from Whitehorse north. The trucks coming in from the north were blistered and scorched.

Get Ready to Go

This morning we had a balmy south wind for a short time which cleared the air, but the wind changed into the north again and the smoke is so thick you can hardly see the other side of the river. Mamie is preparing to evacuate today. The valuable records and correspondence are packed in cartons—also food and blankets for the highway—so as to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. A week or more ago this fire was fifty miles square and has spread a lot since then. The southern edge is about 15 miles north of us. There has been practically no rain for a year.

July 16th—The fire is now at mile 932—much heavy equipment is building a fire break at mile 926. We are at mile 918. I am having a special Votive Mass in Camp tomorrow for protection and it is being announced on the radio today and tomorrow.

July 17th—All day we have had a violent south wind whipping up clouds of dust, but keeping the smoke and fire away. In spite of this the fire is progressing slowly toward us. It crossed a fire break that they have been building for the past two days. We had no news on the radio tonight. The long distance telephone wires have been burned. No soldiers or civilians employed by the Army are allowed to be out of the sound of the fire siren in Camp. All records are packed in cartons every night and trucks are stationed at office entrances. The highway is closed south of us, too, because of a fire at mile 710. At this time of night (11 p.m.) we can see the flames in the distance.

I had a Votive Mass in honor of Our Lady of Victory in Camp this evening—60 or 70 came. 22 children came at 4.30 to say the rosary, led by the Legion of Mary.

"Or Sump'n"

July 18th—One of the Territory officials was really worried and said that the fire experts had done everything possible, and only God could save the City. The fire at mile 710 is under control, and the highway was opened to southbound traffic today.

There was a violent south wind until about 3 p.m. today, then it changed to the north. The ominous black and yellow and red smoke cloud crept in on us from the north covering the whole city. At 4.30 p.m. I went to Camp. There were 11 children gathered for the Rosary in the chapel. At supper I noticed that the room seemed to be getting lighter. I looked out. The smoke cloud overhead was receding into the north. I went outside and discovered that a strong south wind was beginning again. The north wind had lasted for only three hours.

July 20th—About three o'clock this morning it began to rain. It rained heavily for about four hours. Yesterday was the first time we said in our Masses an ordered oration "oratio imperata pro re grave" for rain. When I left Maryhouse for Camp this morning to say Sunday Mass there, the streets were full of mud and little lakes. There was no evidence of any smoke in the northern sky. I started talking to the driver of the car that came for me about the fire. He is not a Catholic—at least not to my knowledge. He had been on duty all night driving back and forth from the fire. "The



This is how the sky looked when the forest fire was approaching Whitehorse.

The camera is facing north with the C.P.A. staffhouse on the left and Sacred Heart Cathedral in the distance. At the time the picture was taken there was a south wind blowing in Whitehorse, but a north wind was moving in on us, blowing the smoke and the heat towards us. At the extreme top you see the sky with a thin layer of cloud. Next is a huge cumulus cloud (not smoke) caused by the heat of the forest fire coming in sudden contact with the cold air above. Beneath this you see the huge cloud of black smoke advancing towards us fanned by the north wind. Closer to the horizon the smoke cloud is lighter, the result of the red and yellow reflection of the flames on the smoke.

(Photo By Raber)

fire went out even before the rain came" he said; "at least, the trees stopped burning. There was fire only on the ground." "How did that happen?" I asked. "Dunno", he answered, "guess it was a miracle or sump'n."

Our thanks to all the houses for their prayers.

Quake, Fire, Jubilee

Mamie Legris discussed the fire calmly. She spoke of dense clouds of smoke day and night, "the northern sky reflecting the flames from miles of fires to make one think it could be the end of the world." But, she pointed out, there was no panic. Life went on "as usual." People painted their houses, built fences, dug sewers, graded the city streets and went about their other tasks—but were packed and ready to leave town if they had to. Masses were offered for rain.

"God heard and answered our prayers, for on July 20th the rain came. It did not extinguish the fires but at least they were under control, and the fire fighters had a breather and a chance to build fire breaks closer to Whitehorse. Prayers continued and within the next few weeks we had much more rain than we normally have at this season. God has indeed been good to us. The Yukon began its Jubilee celebration, marking the 60th anniversary of the finding of gold in the Klondike . . . a parade . . . many floats, clowns, a four horse stagecoach with ladies and gentlemen in Gold Rush finery, a rinky-tink piano player, and an old Indian in a bush setup, cooking a gopher supper . . ."

Mamie asks, "How could life possibly be dull in such a country?"

A Teacher's Dilemma

By Peggy D. Clarke

No doubt the problem of bringing Christ to others exists in any career, but it seems to me that the Catholic teacher in a State School is under a heavy burden.

In Australia it is the pride of the Church that the majority of Catholic children receive a Catholic education. These schools, run by religious, are paid for by Catholic lay people, who are also taxed for the education of Protestants in State schools. I think this situation is the same in America.

I don't want to write about the injustices connected with this arrangement. My problem is HOW to speak the truth and maintain one's job in a school run by the State, where God is obviously extra-curricular and where religion is a laissez-faire business.

Teen Agers

I have a class of bright 13—14 year olds. After class one day a group of them came out and began to discuss the existence of God; the Protestant version of Christianity, and such like. One

girl, quite a leader and a spark, gave forth her views. We are all products of the atom! Everything owes its existence to evolution! It is quite possible to have more than one existence!

None of this was new to me, but it was, hard for me to take the floor. The other girls each began to give their versions of Protestant doctrine, and varied they were! They were vehement against the young atheist, and were remarkably tolerant of their own differences. It seemed that doctrine was a matter of choice. And, of course, anything that was not in the index at the back of the Bible (AUTHORIZED VERSION) was a Catholic fable.

A tall serious girl said she really thought Sunday school was senseless. Each week, she said, they repeated the Creed. She had said it for many a week but she still had no idea of what the Communion of Saints was. So quite glibly I quoted the catechism: "The Communion of Saints is that union which exists between those faithful on earth, the Blessed in Heaven and the suffering souls in Purgatory."

Pope—Worship!

That last word did it—Purgatory!

All the while this discussion was going on I was decidedly ill at ease. When one emerges, expertly trained in the intricacies of education, from a State Training College one is warned: "No religion, no politics."

My apprehension grew when the atheist and the tall girl called at my staff room next day asking for me. I went into the corridor and Pauline said, very gravely: "Miss Clarke, there is no such place as Purgatory. I looked it up in the index of the Bible." And Laurie, the blooming (or 'bloomin') non-believer, hurled: "Why do Catholics worship the Pope?"

I answered as softly as I could but their enthusiastic loud voices drew a teacher (she refers to us as ROMAN Catholics) who stuck her head out of a classroom door and asked for quiet.

I retreated, with visions of some sort of courtmartial, or the equivalent. The thought that struck me so forcibly was how little different is our position from that of the early Christians. How dangerous can be the way for any who will boldly speak her piece! Also, how diplomatic must we be! "Gentle as doves, shrewd as serpents."

Now, what would you do in my place? Laurie has been asking to see me after school. But is she in earnest? Does she want to know the truth? Or is this a kind of prank? She is quite mischievous. If I take her up, what might ensue? The Protestants on the staff are very bitter. Shall I be charged with indoctrination, with subversive conduct against her royal majesty, Elizabeth II?

Well, anyway, for the present I am holding my cards.

The Catholic Face

By Thurston Smith

Edmonton, Alta. — It's been a quiet summer at the Information Centre. However the effect of the Centre's existence is not measured solely by the number of people who enter its doors. By merely BEING there, it represents many things to many different people. Usually people know us through our window display. It is our public face. During the summer the Centre has seen some face lifting and quite a bit of touching up. A good window display equals a good public face, equals a good first impression.

In May I began a series on the Church and her people. For three weeks a picture of Karl Stern, the "Gentle Psychiatrist" as the original caption stated, caught the eyes of many onlookers. Inquiries followed for his "Pillar of Fire", the story of his conversion. I finally bought the book from the Catholic bookstore in town, displaying it in the window.

A Change of Face

Two days later I sold it to a man who had previously asked for it. I was left without any merchandise to 'sell' my picture, so in a few days I took the picture down. It was time for a change anyway.

Alongside the above series (Stern, an African Bishop, etc.) I have featured displays on Pentecost (a simple poster); on Lourdes (with a good number of pictures); on the theme 'God and Time' with a quotation from St. Augustine; on the 'Role of the Pope'; and at present one on 'Mary in Art'.

These window displays have attracted a good amount of attention. Perhaps the one on Lourdes was the most popular. But then the group of attractive pictures on the Holy Father also drew a lot of people through July and August.

The one with the quotation from St. Augustine was the most original, also the least popular. One Catholic lady finally came in after passing the window for several days and confessed she couldn't make head or tail of the quotation.

Bring Them In

The information Centre exists to educate both the Catholic and the non-Catholic. Bold, graphic pictures often tell more than a thousand words, or 5,000 or 25,000. They are not successful however, unless they help to draw people in to seek further knowledge through the written word. Some are drawn just as far as inside the door where I have placed a table holding a 'fire sale' of second hand pamphlets. Often persons walk in, briefly browse around, then walk out without saying a word. That too is something. One never knows what seed may have been planted.

Most of our visitors are Catholic. Many want to buy a Rosary, or a children's prayer book, or a medal. Others come to find an answer to a particular question on the Faith. Naturally that kind of visit is most pleasing and one that calls for very effort to find the desired information. We wish there were many more Catholics who would avail themselves of the Centre's services.

Then, but not clearly as often as it should be, someone comes in, manages to cover a certain embarrassment, and looking you straight in eye, says: "How do you go about becoming a Catholic?" Or "I am thinking of becoming a Catholic" or "Is it difficult to become a Catholic?" You both feel relieved that the question has been put.

The Parish Priest

On my part I have never ceased admiring the obvious fortitude which God grants those sincerely seeking the truth. The first time the question was put to me, I was certainly a little nervous in the way I went about finding the pamphlets for the inquirer. I was so eager to make the path smoother for the girl, that I think I fell to stammering as much as she. If the inquirers wish, I put them into contact with the priest of the parish in which they live. That is usually the last I hear of the case.

There are about as many different requests as there are visitors and phone calls. A man phones to find out the first name of Fr. Lacombe, the pioneer oblate missionary in these parts. A Polish couple came in and wanted me to write a letter in English for them. An old lady wanted to sell me a second hand book collection. One man of questionable good will wanted to buy charms. Another crank wanted scriptural proof for an assertion in the window display on the Holy Father. One lady would like literature on the Holy Rollers. (as yet we have none.)

A woman wanted to know whether she could accept the invitation of her friend to attend Mass

at the Greek Catholic church. After some discussion over the phone, in which I sought to impress on her that the Greek Catholic Church was as much Catholic as the Roman, she decided she better not accept the invitation after all!

Help! Help!

Others want us to help them find a job, a meal, a housekeeper, or a place to live. The 'Clientele' is universal.

Usually one can give something to everyone, to some more than others. People are hungry for understanding and love, and always they respond to kindness. Kindness in Christ's name often conveys a deep and lasting impression merely by a gesture or a word, or a glance.

Sometimes I think for certain that some visits, ostensibly for a simple purchase, have entirely another meaning. It has occurred to me at least once that the visitor talking was there because of the prayers of his priest brother. (One disclosed the fact of his reverend brother's existence in the course of a somewhat wandering monologue). I am sure that God thus means us to add our prayers to those of others.

In the apostolate we are always sowing seeds, many of which will not be reaped for years. If we sow well, and the seeds die in the ground, then, in years to come, charity and understanding will blossom in the land, perhaps to a degree hardly imagined before.

My eye is constantly and literally on the man in the street. It seems to me that his heart is hungry for the Bread of life, though too often confusing it with the stones he has been given. His only resource, if he but knew it, is the peace to be found in Christ's Church. At the Information Centre we work and pray to make that knowledge his.

CONVERSION

By Kenneth L. Walmsley

music
Then will men give forth righteous creation
Then our way will be lighted by Thy candles
Then our wines will be mellowed into Thy blood
And our wheat shall become Thy life
We will swarm the temples for Thy presence
Patiently will we wait at Thy altar
Thy life will become our bread
Old praises will become as new songs
Our joy will be as the Virgin's
Will be the river in our soul
Peace we never dreamt of
Beauty shall be born to us
And Thy love eternally
Though Sun and Moon befall
And waters dwindle to dew
Though the birds give way to vultures
And men give way to monkeys
Though we ride on the hordes of our creation
And follow by the light of our own candles
Though we drink our own wines
And eat our own flesh
Though we praise in our own songs
And the canticles of our own poets
Though in our grime we become rotten
And our appetites are fed on bitterness
Then will our throats be dried
Who had had recourse to Thee.

Then will the springs rise up
Then will the dew swell
Then will birds resound with



Here are three staffworkers of Maryhouse (left to right), Edith Scott, Mary Ruth and Michael Wright. The picture was taken as they were ascending a mountain overlooking Skagway, Alaska. The occasion was their annual retreat, preached by Father Gene, Maryhouse chaplain. After reaching the summit, and the shores of Lower Dewey Lake, the retreat exercise was held—the reading of Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. Four hours after this picture was taken, Skagway and the surrounding mountains were shaken and rocked by the most severe earthquake ever recorded in that part of Alaska.

ONE MAN'S SCRAP... ANOTHER MAN'S GOLD...

We have received some letters, and people have come in person, asking why WE WANT ALL THESE SEEMINGLY USELESS THINGS WE CONSTANTLY BEG IN THIS COLUMN — and, of course, what we do with them.

We answered the letters... showed the visitors around—and saw that they understood and realized that, in truth and in deed, all THAT IS SENT TO US is put to good use. So it occurred to me that perhaps the readers of our paper would like to know what happens to many items that, to them, may seem utterly unusable. Let us take a tour in the sewing room to start with.

Here, on these long shelves, stand glass jars, row upon row of them, filled with BUTTONS. All sorted out by colors and sizes. We use these buttons in our handicraft work with children—give them to the local women when they have need of them, use them for toys... they make eyes or define shapes on soft toys. We make bracelets with them. Why, it would take a book to tell all the places where these buttons can be and are used. BUTTON CRAFT should be its name.

We Save String

Strings and ropes go to the library and the workshop. In the first place they are used to parcel up books. We have a Catholic Lending library by mail and send over a thousand book parcels out monthly. All need to be tied. String is saved carefully in our basements.

Broken rosaries are repaired and given away. New ones are made out of old beads. Broken necklaces of beads and pearls are de-stringed, and the beads are carefully stored by kind, size, and colors. Next Fall, the children who come to Madonna House for recreation will make themselves new necklaces... and the little ones will learn bead craft using the smaller beads. So it goes.

Empty spools become dolls... or are painted up by kindergarten kids to make building blocks.

Any and every old tool is gone over, cleaned, resharpened, and made into a joy to behold and use. Bolts, screws, nails... are carefully sorted and kept in glass jars. They are visible, and usable constantly. It takes a lot of them to help to maintain so many premises as MH has.

Spools of thread, half finished, remnants of knitting wool... all notions... are sorted and placed in labelled boxes, ready for use. The wool is given to friends who like knitting, and is transformed by them into a thousand useful garments for babies, young people, middle-aged, and old. They are given, as Xmas presents; or presented through our nursing or social service departments, to those who need them most. We never have enough remnants. The spools are used up in our endless mending and sewing projects.

We Save Cards

Old stockings (nylons) become new rugs, braided or knitted or hooked. Christmas cards become handicraft material for children, or make their way into albums, neatly labelled... "Santas"... "Angels"... "Candles"... "Bells"... If and when we need to make any of these for decorations—lo—we open the proper album... and have a variety of designs for our needs.

We use the old master's painting for our art classes. We have quite a collection of Xmas cards of a high type. Those with modern designs are used by the art department and the sewing department in applique work and other projects and ideas. There is a lot more to a Xmas card than meets the eye.

An old delapidated arm chair becomes a thing of beauty after we have re-upholstered it with the old springs we carefully collected and covered it with a piece of chintz from the "piece good shelf."

NOTHING BIG OR SMALL IS EVER WASTED AT MADONNA HOUSE... DON'T BELIEVE US?... COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Broken china and crockery will be used for mosaic work.

We Save Candles

And now for the needs of today... for your "scrap which is our gold"... Has anybody any old leathercraft tools no one is using at home now? We need a couple of sets so much! And metalcraft tools too. What do you do with all those bits of candles, blue, red, and yellow, that once adorned one of your parties? They melted last summer and look dismally crooked... how about sending them on? We will make new

candles from them and give them to folks who never can buy any for their little family celebrations. Or we will use them ourselves!

Are there any SACRISTANS among our readers? How about those vigil light bases that everyone of you scrape so painstakingly out of the vigil light glasses daily. That cross-like affair that once held the wick, but now clings to the bottom of the vigil light glass as if for dear life. We could use these, oh so well. We make vigil lights... This would save us buying the bases.

We could also use those altar candles that clutter so many convents. The tiny weeny bitsy candles. They would come in SO HANDY for our candle making too.

What of those water colors—junior used to use—or the oil paints sister tried her hand at—and which are now lying and drying in some drawer? We could use them. And have you looked in your attics or basements lately for children's books? The Bobsey Twins and the like? We have many places where we could place these books... our tiny rural schools in the bush... for one...



We Save Kegs

Butter churns. Our herd is increasing. We would be so grateful for them. And what of the old cheese forms... wooden ones granny used to use? Maybe some are still around old farm houses. Boy! Would they be a blessing to us! (We are making our own cheese). And old big and small earthenware crocks. You cannot even buy these any more... Oh yes... AND THE BIG OLD FASHIONED CAULDRONS...

We could use a couple of those! Butter churns... cauldrons... and OAK BARRELS... large and small... for sauerkraut and dill pickles... and pickled apples!

You see what we are up against, dearest friends... We have turned the clock back and become out of need, a self-supporting "spiritual family unit". We grow our food. We want to process it too, the simple old-fashioned way of our ancestors. BUT... these days one cannot buy the tools they used to make or buy. They have almost become "antiques". To us they are vitally important for daily life. SO... we have to beg them from people like you—who understand the whys of our needs and, I feel sure, are happy to see a beloved familiar object put again to its original use.

We Save Everything

September is a little distant from Christmas. However, we start begging for that Holy Day early. As usual, we have hundreds of children to make happy on that day. Will you begin to send us the wherewithal to make them so? Here is the list: SOAP... TOOTH PASTE... TOOTH BRUSHES... TOILET ARTICLES... OLD COSTUME JEWELRY... HANKIES... MITTS... SCARVES... PENKNIVES... FIVE AND TEN CENT TOYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS... PRAYER BOOKS... ROSARIES... CRUCIFIXES... PLAQUES... HOLY PICTURES TO HANG ON WALLS... DOLLS, ALL KINDS, NEW AND OLD... CANDLES... HARD CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND NICE CHOCOLATES FOR OUR SHUT-INS... HOT WATER BOTTLES... BED SLIPPERS... SHAWLS FOR THEM AND THE GRANNIES... AND ANY AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOUR CHARITY CAN CONCEIVE AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR BABIES... SCHOOL CHILDREN... PARENTS... AND GRANDPARENTS.

THANK YOU... THE ADDRESS FOR SHIPPING IS STILL MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, Canada. FOR SHIPPING BY RAILWAY EXPRESS—THE SAME, PLUS THE FOLLOWING—VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILROAD AND BARRY'S BAY, ONT. CANADA. Don't forget also to add... FOR CHARITY AND MISSION USE ONLY... on the face of the parcel.

Apostolate of Stella Maris Very Unique

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Ore.—The lay apostolate, like life itself, presents many frustrations to those who embrace its vocation—but none looms so large in my life as trying to explain the Apostolate of Stella Maris.

To say the least, this foundation of Madonna House Secular Institute, is unique... for it deals exclusively with spiritual works of mercy and does not touch the corporal works of mercy. Such is the mandate of our good Ordinary. And a beautiful mandate it is. We feel privileged beyond words, to have been called to this wide-awake apostolic diocese, to participate in it, in the restoration of the world to Christ. But it is one thing to understand the work to be done and the mandate to be executed; yet quite another to explain it, even if the public in beginning to understand the Lay Apostolate in general.

A Tremendous Job

All lay apostolates are expected to be engaged in both corporal and spiritual works of mercy—as most of them are—like Madonna House Secular Institute and its other foundations.

We are the lonely exception.

When I look our mandate over, I see that, in a manner of speaking, we have a tremendous job to do—one that will bring us in contact with all apostolates and all agencies working for the restoration of the world to Christ, for the implementation of the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, and for the restoration of the dignity of the human being who is created in the image and likeness of God.

Our task, and our goal, is to bring together the Orientals, the Negroes, the American Indians, the Spanish-Americans, the Mexicans, the Gypsies, and other members of minority groups in our diocese, as well as the dominant white folks. We must gather them about a "square or round table", to discuss all the problems of interracial justice, and the relation of each—not only to the pre-dominant American white group, but to one another.

A Tremendous Need

There is a great need for men to get together and to get to know one another as friends, working for the same end. The pattern if viewed from above, would present a weaving and interweaving of all the difficulties, problems, grievances, as well as solutions of these vital problems.

But it isn't only interracial justice that we seek to clarify and achieve. No. Stella Maris foundation of Madonna House, seeks to place that "round-table" conference, that getting together of men of all races and colors and nations, on an inter-cultural basis.

Christ said, after having fed the multitudes with a few fishes and loaves, "gather up the fragments, lest they should be lost." America alas, is not doing this—for each of these minority groups can contribute to each other, and to America at large, a magnificent cultural contribution—which at present is completely wasted—thus the nation is impoverished when it might have been enriched.

To achieve this gathering together under one roof the variety and wealth of all American children takes time and patience, love and understanding. Each of those minority groups, each of those sons and daughters of America, has been deeply hurt by other children of the same mother, and has almost lost faith in the older brothers and sisters.

Oil and Wine

One must bring the oil of charity and the wine of understanding to these wonderful people who have been "besieged by robbers" in the darkness of America's segregation night, before one can really bring them to the inn of America's heart.

To achieve this end, the Staff of Stella Maris has to explain and re-explain its apostolate to those who can contribute so much to it just by changing their hearts, opening their minds, and allowing both changes and opening to work in their own neighborhood—toward the same end.

Just contacting members of minority and majority groups, studying and surveying of the problems of each and the interplay of those problems on one another, may take years—and produce seemingly, no spectacular results. Love walks with quiet feet. And the trust of man in man is not born in a day. The apostolate appears to be working in in-

tangibles, but these are the wood and the warp of the whole fabric of Christian society.

Hard to Explain

That is why, perhaps, it is so hard for me to write an article explaining the work of Stella Maris—which stands ready to co-operate, (in fact desires, with a great desire, to co-operate) with all Catholic apostolic groups whatever they may be, in this apostolate, that will alone lay rock-like foundations for a true restoration of the world to Christ.

Stella Maris' doors are wide open to anyone interested in this hidden deep apostolate, where the weapons are spiritual and intellectual. Perhaps as time goes by, and my sense of inadequacy recedes, and the intangibles become more tangible to me, and to all of us here, I will be able to better express our inexpressible apostolate.

If you come to Portland, why not visit Stella Maris, at 208 N.E. Weidler Street?

We will be glad to welcome you, and attempt to explain further what it is we are trying to do in bringing together all men under the mantle of the peace of Our Lady, Star of Stormy Sea of Life

WINSLOW CHAPEL BUILT BY YOUNG MEN

By Phil Knight

"Now that I have become a man I have put away the things of a child." St. Paul 1 Cor 13)

Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona, P.O. Box 334—At first it was simply a smile. But soon I had erupted into volleys of laughter. Ramon spun half way around with arms raised, pickaxe in hand, breaking the rhythm of his motion in a confused "freeze". Pablo plowed his forearm across his sweaty brow, and grunted a surprised "huh?"

Like a chain reaction, from across the adobe pit where Toni, Ernest, and Alex labored—rake and shovel in hand, came a demanding cry for an explanation. I shrugged my shoulders and teasingly remarked: "Oh, it's nothing"—and burst once again into vibrant chuckles.

Mudder's Boys?

"Ah, come on, Phil, whatcha thinkin' about?" "Yeah, tell us, too. Us, too! It was time we took a break anyway, so I said, 'Let's sit down on the shady side of the brick wall for a breather.'"

"Ya know, fellas, when I was a kid, on rainy days we used to gather in the backyard, and, from the edge of the garden, we would slap together a bunch of mud pies. After that, we'd spread out in teams and sling great balls of that stuff at one another till my Mom would catch us. Then we'd high-tail it away empty handed."

"Me, too!" cried little Pete. "Down by the arroyo, we play war when it rains."

Everyone was familiar with mud fights. Yet, there in the shade of those neatly stacked bricks was gathered a gang of boys, now no longer teamed as playmates, but as a serious crew of workmen—and each man a brick!

Our chapel, to be dedicated in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, is now under way. When completed it will have been constructed by a unique body of men. Exclusively young men. Children of God, indeed. Yes, child labor. For our adobe bricks are being fashioned by lads mostly eleven to fourteen years of age, less than a handful of teen-agers and a couple of native men.

Mud and Straw

The construction team is an unusually happy gang which plods on each day poco a poco (little by little). Last month they would take part each morning in the parish Summer School. We would gather together, afternoons, at La Casa, for some nourishment served by our fine cooks, Carmen and Lita, visiting volunteers from California. Fresh tortillas provided a tight grasp about our submarine sandwiches, followed by tall glasses of cool ade.

Then on to the chapel site, armed with two lengths of hose, two wooden double forms to shape our mud bricks, four shovels, trowels and blades, one pickaxe and a wheelbarrow... salt tablets and water jugs.

Daily they toil steadily and with perseverance. First the trench, or adobe pit, is filled with dirt broken up with pickaxe and shoveled in. The hoses are connected and the pit is strewn with straw which will bind the mud while drying and help drain the inner bricks before they are piled in blocks of a thousand.

Adobe Dough

Dirt, straw, and water are the sole ingredients. And much like kneading dough (though we massage with rakes—some people even use their good sturdy feet—instead of by hand) we batch about a half a ton of batter at one time. After levelling the ground we wheelbarrow the mud where the forms are laid and begin to fashion row on row of bricks to be baked in the Arizona sun.

Like the Mission churches of early Spanish colonial days, our walls are thick—eighteen inches thick! They have to be. For each adobe weighs from thirty to thirty five pounds and the walls will climb fourteen feet high.

Following the example of St. Francis, we are keeping the chapel simple and Christ-centered. Still there are expenses which mount; and, as beggars for the Lord, we ask you to share in this Godly task which will bring Christ to dwell among His people.

JOURNEY INWARD

(Continued from Page One)

The poplars
Crowded
In serried
Ranks,
In robes
Of gray
So feathery light
That the sun
Kissed them
And knew delight.
And I could
Read
In them
The love
Of my King
Again...

I saw
The fir tree
Dark
And green
Stand watch
To see
That all
The love letters
Of my God
Reached me...

I saw
The grass
Lay still
Upon the earth—
A chalice
Fashioned
By the frosts
Into which
One by one
Fell red-golden
Leaves,
To die of love.
Each leaf
A letter
For me to
Keep—a
Message from
MY LOVE...

I saw the sky
Light
Blue
Lie still
Upon the water
And saw it change
And merge
Dazzling
Into the
Blue
Of passion...
And knew
That God's
Love
Letters

Live and
Breathe
Like sky, and
Water...

I saw the road
Tremble
With desire,
And run
And run,
Oblivious
To the splendor
That edged
It on
All sides—

I saw it
Run
And raced it
To its goal
And felt
Each turn
Each bend
My Lover's breath
Forever
Calling me!

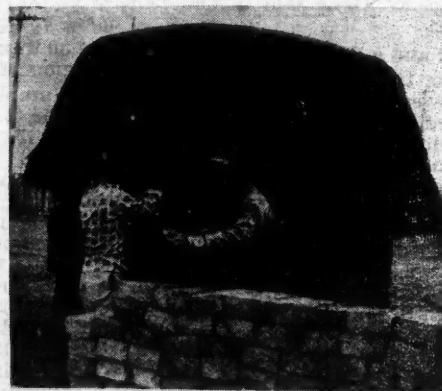
I saw the
Grass again
Change
And lay
Still
With all
The red
And golden leaves
Spilled
Every which way...

I saw
My Lover
Bend
And touch
The leaves and
The grass
And fashion
Them
Into a
Golden cloak
For me...
That covered
Me with
Ecstasy!

Then we knew
Expectancy
The birch...
The poplars...
The road...
The water...
The sky
And I
We all stood
Still...
Why?

And then
I knew
The rim
Of light
That touched
The sky
So dazzling
White...
So fully
Bright
Held the
Promise
Of many snows...

The world and I
Were held enthralled
And still
Awaiting
The mantle
White
Of Snow
TO CROWN
TO COVER
A QUEEN
FOR A KING!



Here's what a pile of adobe bricks looks like. Men and boys make these bricks. The bricks will make a chapel, to be dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, in Winslow, Ariz. The chapel will make a lot of people happy. Dirt, straw, and water, mixed with sweat and prayer, may bring a new life to thousands of people. Some folks think that gold or silver coins or brightly colored slips of folding paper would not hurt the mixture, if they were generously added to it!

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